HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:

HER MASTER GAVE HER AN EASTER SURPRISE SHE WILL NEVER FORGET!

BUNNY HOLES

AN EASTER BDSM SHORT STORY
WITH FURRIES, PADDLES AND KINKY FUN!

MICHAEL C. LANEY

HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:

HER MASTER GAVE HER AN EASTER SURPRISE SHE WILL NEVER FORGET!

BUNNY HOLES

AN EASTER BDSM SHORT STORY
WITH FURRIES, PADDLES AND KINKY FUN!

MICHAEL C. LANEY

HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:

BUNNY HOLES

An Erotic BDSM Short Story
Featuring Furries & Kinky Fun
By Michael C. Laney

House Of Master Vyle Presents: Bunny Holes
Revised Version
© 2011 Michael C. Laney

Bunny Holes
Original Version appeared on Literotica.Com March 2010
© 2010 Michael C. Laney

Author's Foreword

Since its initial posting online at Literotica and later on at Lush Stories *Bunny Holes* has been one of those stories that people either love or they hate. A majority of the people who have loved the story have been female submissives, more than likely due to the fact that they can relate to the bondage and submission aspects of the story so well that anything else in it they do not understand does not matter. Those who hate the story, other than the usual people posing as members of *"The Moral Majority"* who have nothing better to do than to read and trash stories posted on adult websites, have seemed to be people looking for some quick sex story or want some explanation over content that does not make sense to them.

Well here is somewhat of an explanation to anyone not familiar with me or the story. Since it was an Easter themed story I wanted to fill it with a few *"Easter Eggs"*, and as the author I knew they would only be found by only a certain segment of readers, a segment I knew from the start would be an extreme minority.

You see I happen to be a major anime and tokusatsu fan. For those who do not know what tokusatsu is it is a subgenre of Japanese film and television which relies on actors dressed in rubber suits as monsters. To some extent most people elsewhere in the world have seen toku without being aware of what it was through movies like *Godzilla, King Of The Monsters* and TV series like *Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers*. Certain elements in this story came about due to the fact that I was watching *Kamen Rider W* (in Japanese the letter *W* is spoken as *Double*) at the time, and the story is sort of a backhanded homage and compliment to elements of the series. I am not a casual toku or anime fan, which means I often watch fan-subbed series otherwise unavailable in English in my spare time, which also features as an element of the story near the end.

I am not going to bore the casual reader with listing every anime or tokusatsu reference in the story. Those are there for that select few otaku who come across the story to enjoy, but I am sure it will be plain enough to see where they are.

Again, for most readers no explanation is necessary. As with most stories some of the side elements do not really matter as long as the story is good, and/or in the case of BDSM Erotica that the story is kinky and good (or good and kinky), which several readers have assured me they feel that it is.

With the ability to now publish for e-readers I was able to go back and put in some font work that had to be abandoned when I initially posted it online. When writing as a hobby I was able to use a variety of fonts and colors to make certain things "pop", however the world of story submission sites is still trapped in static HTML (understandably, I guess, due to bandwidth and hundreds of other things I do not understand). I have taken the time to rework several words back into the story as "pictures" to restore much of the original look of the finished story. Yes, I know, maybe not a big deal, but I think it looks cool.

Michael C. Laney
Davenport, Florida
February 27, 2011

To Shotaro Ishinomori, the founding father of Toei's Kamen Rider and Super Sentai franchises. Thanks for laying the groundwork for TV Asahi's *Super Hero Time* programming block on Sunday mornings.

And to the fan-subbers and community at TV Nihon, the best fan-sub ring on the planet, for putting in so much effort to help someone who could not comprehend *The Complete Idiot's Guide To Japanese* be able to enjoy the finest in tokusatsu programming.

Master Albegas had informed her two weeks ago to make sure that she had no plans on Easter Sunday, and although she did not have any, as she was sure that He well knew, Miriam would have more than willingly canceled, which she was also sure that He well knew. He was being mysterious which meant there it was going to be one of two possibilities. He was either planning on talking her on a romantic getaway for the day, just the two of them, or He was setting up a scene for her to participate in that would be a new and unique experience for her.

The night before when He dropped her at the apartment He kept her at in town He had told her that she needed to be up by seven in the morning and to check outside the door. That had been enough to hint to her that it would probably not be the former. She had hoped slightly that it would be, since it was a holiday, but she had known after being with Him for 15 years that it was never wise to try and predict what He was going to do or decide. And if it turned out to be a new scene that was excellent as well. Every time He thought of something new it always turned out to be hot, kinky and erotic. Master tried to never do the same scene twice, telling her that the memory would be enough to drive her crazy, and that was much better than trying to relive and recapture all the sensations of a moment.

She had not been able to sleep the night before and continually turned and looked at the clock on the dresser. Each time she looked it only seemed that five minutes passed, although it felt to her more like 20. The passing of the hours were painfully slow, and she remembered seeing that it was 5:25 before finally drifting away.

The sound of the alarm awoke her at 6:15, having been set to make sure that she was up and out of bed and at her door by seven as He had instructed. She sat up on the edge of the bed after shutting the alarm off, swaying tiredly and wishing she had at least another moment of rest. *That would not do,* she knew. Once she was on her feet and moving the excitement would override the tiredness of her mind and body. Miriam slid out of bed and went to take a shower.

Showering was one of those slightly risky operations of daily life. It was risky because there was always the possibility that she would get carried away, however since she had entered Albegas's service He had worked with her to help her control her impulses. There had once been a time, starting from when she was 25 and going up until the time she had met her Master that she played with herself in the shower every single time she took one, and there had been a point when she would take four or five a day. Other than the high water bill it had not bothered Jesse, her ex-husband, but Master Albegas, once He found out, found it disturbing a sign that she lacked self control and was unable to avoid giving in to her own impulses. After that He had come up with clever ways to help her learn how to keep her hands off her own body everyday, and at one point she had been forbidden to have a massaging shower head for three years. In fact He had brought a plumber to her apartment to change the fixtures in both bathrooms and to remove the spray hose from her kitchen sink until He felt she could control herself.

Now she was only allowed to masturbate in the shower once a week on Friday evening, unless she had special permission from Him to do otherwise. The masturbation rule was torturous because another of His rules was that she was to take a shower and shave her pussy every morning once she was awake and out of bed. As she scraped the four bladed razor along the right side of her pubic mound while warm water pelted her back she cursed Him in her head for His rule. She always kept anything out of line about Master in her head, even when she was sure she was alone, because she felt if she ever said anything bad out loud He would hear her no matter how far away He was.

Miriam made another pass with the razor. Her pussy was already juicy with anticipation and begging to be played with. Her nipples were hard as well, the red areolas compressed and bunched up to make them pop up like a pair of thumb tips. She really needed to do something to take the edge off on any day that there were secret plans afoot, but she had not asked Master's permission for extra playtime because she had asked in the past when she knew plans were coming and He had become so tired of her

asking right before each event that He had finally forbidden her to ever ask again if it was right before He was making plans for a scene.

With a last sigh of frustration she was finally done. She put the razor down and then picked up her bath flower and a bottle of the body wash that He had chosen to have her use. Miriam soaped up and scrubbed her body, thinking as she took the slightly scratchy flower over her shaven mound and sensitive nipples that, even when He was not there most of the time, Master somehow enjoyed the fact that she had to clean herself and touch those aching areas without being able to linger on them or play with them.

Pushing the thought out of her head she wrung out the bath flower and placed it on its hook. Then she took the bottle of lavender shampoo that Master told her to use and poured some in her hand. She washed her hair, rinsed and then conditioned it with the lavender conditioner that Master told her to use. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back as she let the conditioner do its work, thrusting her body out and letting the warm water rain down on her breasts and her belly. Miriam was careful to be close enough so that the water did not spray onto the little mound of flesh above her ready and willing pussy.

When she was done she dried in front of the bathroom mirror, then took her towel and attempted to wipe the fog off of its surface so she could get a look at herself. Her blue eyes sparkled and her short and permed blonde hair was just beginning to get its bounce back as it began to dry. She could see that her nipples were still hard, capping a pair of rounded C cup globes that Master had given her as a present for her 48th birthday because she had been a such a good girl those first dozen years they had been together and He had known she had never been happy with what nature had given her.

Unable to see any more of herself she looked down. Her stomach was tight and flat with the beginning ridges of a little six pack. Master had ordered her an Ab Worker for Christmas because she had said that she had wanted one, and she had finally gotten it out of the box and started using it the month before. Looking lower yet another gift from Master Albegas, a tattoo He had chosen for her after they had been together only six months. An inch and a half above her open gash was a cartoon cat with big innocent eyes laying on its side and curled into a ball with the tip of its tail brushing

its nose. It had one arm raised up and it was holding up a picket style sign the said, LICK ME.

And as soon as the tattoo artist had finished her job Master had to her to lick-

Miriam opened her eyes, realizing that she had closed them and that she had been guiding her index finger to her now pulsing clit. *Better not to think of that right now.*

But it had been so hot and unexpected. Definitely her highest erotic moment up to that point. She was still married, allowing her Master/lover to mark her, a strange woman panting and gasping into her hot and wet pussy as He drove His hard cock into her ass.

Again she had to pop her eyes open and raise her hand back out from between her thighs. Glancing through the open bathroom door she looked at the clock on her dresser to see that it was 6:56. *Time to get going*.

After slipping on a silk blue robe with a koi fish pattern over her shoulders she went out of the bedroom and down the hall, through her small living space to the front door. She glanced to the clock on her satellite receiver and it read 7:00. Still she waited a couple of minutes more, just in case.

Opening the door she squinted. The sun was bright and she was still not used to the recent springing forward of the start of daylight saving time. The air outside was still unseasonably cold as the Winter of 2009-2010 kept proving that it was not going to end. Miriam was colder still because her short robe only came to just past her hips, and the front was open. Of course anyone else in the complex could have seen her, but it was Master's rule that she always open the door this way for the express purpose that someone might see her. In the back of her mind she had always hoped for Him to send her a special delivery so she could receive it and seduce whoever came to her door whatever way He instructed her to. The two times the plumbers had come to exchange her fixtures Master had been the one to let them in as He kept her locked, bound and gagged in the hall closet, which had a louvered door, with a butterfly vibrator strapped to her pussy and set at its lowest setting.

Sweet torture. She had wondered and imagined many times what would have happened if either of those men had opened the door and found her.

However she had to push all that out of her mind because it was time for reality, and that reality possibly involved a scene that was going to happen very soon. In front of her apartment door sat a large basket wrapped in a clear plastic bag with cartoon eggs, bunnies and chicks all over its surface. As she stooped to pick it up, her heavy breasts dropping out of her open robe, Miriam immediately knew this was not the kind of Easter basket you picked up at the Big P or Superior HyperMart or Axis Foods to give to a child. This basket was made of thick and heavy branches of wood that were woven and lacquered and meant to last. He had probably bought it at Michael's or the Hobby Stop, then custom filled it Himself.

Miriam picked it up, appreciating its weight, and brought it inside, pulling the door closed behind her. She sat it on the coffee table, after taking the four or five brief steps to the living room, carefully placing it between a worn rawhide cigarette case with her name tooled onto the flap and her laptop. She picked up the case, a gift from Jesse when they had been dating, and opened it to draw out her morning Marlboro. Master only allowed her two cigarettes a day, one in the morning after she was up and the other just before bed. After lighting it she took a drag and sat the case back on the table before undoing the yellow bow that held the bag covering the basket closed.

She had been pleasantly surprised with the contents, and she had tingled with excitement knowing that the items had all been lovingly arranged by His hand, Him showing His romantic side toward her. There was a plush bunny, jelly beans, an assortment of chocolate eggs and candy, marshmallow chicks, a wind up chicken that laid bubble gum eggs, an old fashioned spinner shaped like an egg that revealed a white rabbit when the petals opened, in short a selection of traditional Easter candies and novelties. However there were other items as well, definitely neither Easter items nor traditional, *at least not in the vanilla sense of traditional*.

Digging into the grass she found a pair of twin Thruster Bunnies, one a pastel green and the other a pastel purple. The packages proclaimed they were, *"Just in time for Easter,"* and made with extra firm jelly shafts. She

ignored the speed and function information, already feeling a stirring in the pit of her stomach. She couldn't wait to use them.

One bunny in each hole, she thought to herself, a smile stretching her lips.

In addition to them was a Magic Carrot. The picture on the box revealed a single orange and carrot shaped bullet attached by a white wire to handheld remote.

Underneath where the Thruster Bunnies and the Magic Carrot had sat there was a pink envelope labeled, girl, in Master's flourished scrawl. Under that was something she could feel was made of pink plush material. Miriam picked up the envelope and turned it over in her hands pausing to look at the front of it before she opened it.

girl

Her pussy got wetter. Master never called her anything but girl when he gave her instructions or there was going to be a scene. She quickly picked her cigarette back up and took a final drag before sitting it back in the ashtray to burn the rest of the way out on its own. She dug her thumb under the corner of the envelope's back and gave it a jerk to tear it open. Then she reached in and slipped out the heavy paperboard card.

The card itself was egg shaped with the picture of someone in a big white Easter Bunny suit on the front of it, holding a basket in one hand and a carrot in the other. The inside of the card had been blank, the only wording there had been written by Master Albegas Himself.

girl,

Immediately dress in the clothing at the bottom of the basket and not a single thing more. (Also do not put extra clothing in your purse or car to bring with you.) The only things you may bring are the Thruster Bunnies. (Leave the Magic Carrot for later.) Just dress immediately and drive to Gao-Access. Park in the rear and enter through the side as you have done in the past and lock it behind you. Then go directly to the dance floor. Once the music begins so will the scene. DO NOT RESIST!

Happy Easter,
M. Albegas

Her heart now pounding Miriam slipped the card back into its envelope. In the back of her mind she was thinking she would place it with all the other cards Master had given her over the years later on. She reached back into the basket and picked up the plush pink garment and held it up to expose a pair of high heeled shoes that were nearly a matching shade of pink. It was so soft that it slid against itself and unfurled, revealing itself to her.

Miriam looked to the thing in her hand, feeling a confused look come across her face as she realized what she was holding. Master had sent her a, what looked to be a custom made, bunny costume.

-2-

Miriam did not waste any time thinking about the bunny costume after she got over her initial surprise and shock. As Master had instructed she had simply rose from the couch, slipping her robe off and then putting it on. Indeed it was custom made to fit her. Master was well aware of her exact measurement, and through the years He had sent her tailor made outfits from Paris, Milan and Hong Kong and dozens of other cities around the world He would visit.

However, this was very different.

She had put her legs in and pulled them up until the bottom of the suit molded itself to her ass and waist. The middle of the lower half of the suit was open beginning at a “V” on the inner leg of both sides that started just above the knee, then opening wider at her crotch and extending just past her navel in the front and just past the cleft of her ass in the back. At first she thought it might gap as she moved around until she realized that the inside shell of the suit was a stretchy material like Spandex.

Miriam worked each arm into a sleeve, then reached back and found a hood attached to the back neck that had long bunny ears on it which she

pulled up over her head. There was a zipper that started just below her generous gifted boobs that went to her neck. She pulled it closed, then sat down on the couch slipped on the heels. She smiled to herself as she got up, pausing only long enough to grab the Thruster Bunnies and her car keys before going to the door to head to Gao-Access immediately as her Master had instructed.

-3-

The drive to Gao-Access seemed to take forever, despite the fact that it was only across town and that there was only negligible traffic since it was Sunday and a holiday. All the way there she could feel her heart pounding and her pussy aching to be used, especially since it was exposed to the cool air by the costume that Master had sent her. She was finding it harder to resist the urge to do a little one handed driving on the way. However she knew she had to be extra careful as she drove.

What if she did get pulled over??!!

How mortifying and humiliating would it be to be caught by a police officer in that pink bunny costume?

What would happen?

And this put the idea in her head that if she was pulled over that she would be forced by the officer to let him test the amenities of her costume. In her head she saw herself pulled over on the shoulder, her hands cuffed behind her back and the side of her face pressed into the warm hood of her car as the officer opened her bare cheeks and stuck his cock-

Miriam had put both hands back on the steering wheel, trying to get the image out of her mind. She would be at Gao-Access soon enough, and there, she knew with no doubt, she was going to be used in a real scene.

-4-

Gao-Access was a dance club that Master Albegas had bought a couple of years ago. Since then He had sent her there to be a part of a scene five times. Each time it had been a different idea of His, and each time was in a

different part of the club. Miriam drove to the back and parked per His instructions. There were no other cars in the back lot, and that added to the mystery in her mind as she got out of the car, knowing she was about to be part of action that had yet to be revealed to her.

DO NOT RESIST!

He had used those instructions several times before, and each time it had turned out she had been sent to be used by someone other than Him, usually someone she had never met before but He knew well. Her blood continued to race as she turned over that inevitable possibility in her head. She sincerely hoped that this would not be one of those times He suddenly switched gears and did something she totally did not expect.

She went to the side entrance, Thruster Bunnies in the crook of one arm, and pulled the side door open. Walking through to the hallway that ran the back length of the building she eased the door closed and flipped the lock so it would remain closed and no unwanted guests followed her in.

Taking a moment she sighed to herself, feeling eyes on her. Looking up in a darkened corner she could make out the outline of a tiny camera, a little green light on its bottom an indication that it was on. She knew her Master watched the door until He knew she was inside and had it locked as insurance that no one slipped in ahead of her when she was expected. She took a breath, then headed down the hall until she took the turn that she needed to get into the public restroom space, and finally to the dance floor.

-5-

To Miriam it was always a little unnerving to step out onto Gao-Access's dance floor when it was dark and silent, and with no other people there. She had been there before Master had bought it, when it had been Club Electronica and she remembered the cavernous space had been filled with hundreds of bodies undulating, bumping and grinding. Once He had bought the club and changed the name she had been there at least once a month, and although it was not quite as busy as it had been the first time she

went Gao-Access was still pretty full of dancing bodies. Without people, though, the warehouse sized space seemed five times as large.

As she took a step her heels clicked and echoed loudly in the silent club. She had a shiver go up her spine, well aware that at least one set of eyes was watching her. Looking ahead she could just make out the DJ's booth. Above that she knew was an office with a huge window that overlooked the dance floor, the manager's office. That is where Master would be.

Miriam made it a little over halfway across the darkened dance floor when there was suddenly a loud click that echoed in the silent space, immediately followed by a bright spot light falling onto her, causing her to squint and throw a pink plush sleeved arm up and over her eyes for a moment, still clutching one of the Thruster Bunnies. For a moment the only other sound was the electric hum the spot light made from where it was sitting in the rigging above the dance floor. Then there was the sound of a snap coming through the speakers of the club's sound system.

Listening Miriam could hear the clicking, popping and cracking of a needle reading the surface of an old vinyl record coming through the speakers. It made her realize that there had to be at least three other people there, Master Albegas, the person running the light, and someone in the DJ's booth, who was more than likely the club's current house DJ, DJ Simon. Music finally started playing on the speakers, a little tinny and slow, DJ Simon, if it was him, no doubt purposely warping the sound slightly. Just before the singing started Miriam realized that the song was *'Here Comes Peter Cottontail'*.

Movement ahead of her caught her attention as the lights came up just enough for her to make out her surroundings a little better. Just in front of her two card tables had been set up, and almost at her feet sat a padded kneeling bench that was placed to be off and centered from the tables. There were things on the tables, but she was just far enough away and the light was still just dim enough, that she could not make out what they were.

There was movement just beyond the lighted area, and what Miriam saw next caught her totally off guard. There were two people who appeared to be hopping, coming closer, but they weren't just two people, they were

two people in bunny costumes. She found that she just couldn't help herself. Putting a Thruster Bunny box up close to her face she covered her mouth in an attempt to suppress a laugh.

Get out of town, Master. What the fuck was this?

As they came into the light Miriam could see that, although the two people hopping toward her were in custom made bunny costumes, the costumes they were wearing were distinctly different from hers. The first difference was that they had big rabbit feet for shoes as opposed to her spiked pink heels that Master had sent her. They also had mittened hands, where her costume had no hands. She assumed they zipped in the back because the only indication she could see of a zipper in the front ran from the navel area down. (She could only imagine, getting a little wetter, what that zipper was for). The costumes also had actual full heads, with googly eyes that seemed to jiggle and move wildly as they came to a stop. The heads were not the standard and oversized character heads, but were closely molded to fit a human head more snugly. On each face was a cartoony looking mouth, with a big open smile revealing a red tongue on the bottom and a pair of bucked rabbit teeth on the top.

Miriam imagined the men, she was fairly sure they were men, were no doubt as hot as fuck in those heads.

And speaking of hot as fuck-

It was plain to Miriam that neither man was her Master. Both were tall, broad shoulders and chest plain in the custom made bunny costumes they wore. She found this ultra exciting, despite the weirdness of the situation. Master had never sent her to be used by two men at the same time before. She had been in threesomes with other men, and women, with her Master before, but she had never been in a threesome with two men where one of those men had not been Him. Miriam knew if the costume she was in had a crotch it would already be soaked by now.

Once they had hopped to her they stopped, and instantly the music stopped, again plunging the club's dance floor into eerie silence. Each suit was a different color, one pastel green and the other pastel purple, the same colors as the Thruster Bunnies she was holding, Miriam realized. Each stooped slightly, leaning their bunny heads up and giving them slight and

quick jerks as if they were sniffing the air. Miriam stood fixed to the spot and watched, willing herself not to laugh.

Purple Bunny straighten up and smacked Green Bunny with a backhand that caught the edge of his shoulder. Green looked at Purple. Purple shrugged, then motioned to the card table behind Green. Shaking his head quickly Green stepped up to the card table and picked up a half-sheet of white poster-board and held it up.

Miriam squinted and read what was written on the poster-board in thick black marker.

Immediately Bass Shock's, *'Dungeon Of Bass'*, began to play. As soon as the welcome line at the beginning of the song went past and the techno-bass music began to play and pound from the club's speakers the bunnies were dancing. And they weren't just dancing, but dancing like a couple of guys who should have been on *America's Best Dance Crew*. They were energetic and acrobatic, Purple turning a flip, then bending down and spinning on his head as Green wind-milled on the floor.

Miriam could not help herself. There was something about it that tickled her insides and brought a smile to her face. Making no attempt to hide it she shook her head and laughed as they danced.

As the song hit its musical bridge Purple Bunny danced over to the card table that had been behind him and picked something up. Then he danced his way over to where Miriam stood with Green Bunny following closely behind. Dancing right in front of her he worked to do something with his hand. As he held his hand up Miriam realized that he was holding a sticker at the tip of his right mitten, and in the dim light she could make out that it was a HELLO My Name Is_____ sticker. Purple Bunny then put the sticker above his heart and moved closer so that she could read.

HELLO My Name Is

"Master Joker", she read out loud, doing her best to ensure he could hear her over the music and through his costume head.

He pantomimed excitement, jumping up and down, then nodding yes.

Master Joker then worked to peel another sticker off the sheet. He got it off then moonwalked over and past Green Bunny, slapping it on his chest as he went by. Then Green skipped to her and leaned close so she could read.

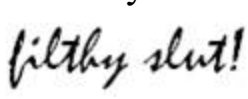
HELLO My Name Is

"Master Cyclone", she read, keeping her voice at the same level.

Master Cyclone nodded wildly, then did a moonwalk and a spin, stopping and grabbing his crotch as he pointed his free hand to the sky and rose up on his toes. It was no doubt meant as a tribute to the late Michael Jackson, because as soon as he had the pose struck *'Dungeon Of Bass'* cross-faded into *'Smooth Criminal'*, although it was the Alien Ant Farm cover and not the King of Pop himself.

Master Joker did the thriller slide, making his way back to her. He still had the sticker sheet in hand and as he got up to her he held it up so she could see that there was still another sticker on the page. Her eyes widened as she read. The name on the final tag had been written by Master Albegas Himself.

HELLO My Name Is



Miriam felt her legs buckle as she looked at it. In her head she could hear Him calling her that. She knew the next time he talked to her, whether

it was right after the scene, later that evening or even the next day, He was going to call her that and ask how she felt, being a filthy slut.

Master Joker took the sticker and slapped it hard against her left breast, sending a tingling shock through her nipple. She sighed, and her clit throbbed from under its exposed hood.

Master Joker held his arms to his side, hands bent up and out, and hopped around her. Bouncing in front of her he rubbed his chin with a mittened hand. Then he waved his arm and pointed to her hands.

Miriam looked down at the Thruster Bunnies. Remembering they were color coded she squinted to tell which one was which in the dim light. Once she determined the purple one was in her left hand she held it up, offering it to Master Joker.

Master Joker nodded and motioned wildly with his hands. He took the box and ripped the top off, dropping it aside as he dug into the box. He quickly pulled the Thruster Bunny from its box and threw the box to the floor. He held his prize high and turned it on. Then he held it in front of her face. It seemed to twist in a pair of jointed spots, moving up and down slightly as it did. Then he placed a hand over his mouth and pantomimed laughing as he moonwalked away.

Next Miriam saw Master Cyclone tap dancing toward her. She held out the remaining Thruster Bunny and he took it. Throwing his arms up he did the butterfly, and then after a moment did the running man. He repeated the same process as Master Joker had, ripping open the box and removing the dildo before tossing the empty box onto the dance floor. When he presented it to her and turned in on she could see that it was pumping up and down. He then sashayed away, coming to a stop in front of his card table.

Once they were both standing in front of their tables the music came to a stop. Miriam waited with baited breath as there was a long pause as they each picked up another half-sheet of poster board from their card tables. She shivered as the room went dark again. It only remained black a moment as several spot lights came on. They went back and forth across the dance floor, going around and around, occasionally illuminating the Bunny Masters. Finally they all came together on one spot to illuminating the kneeling bench.

Miriam did not need anyone to tell her what to do. She silently walked the last couple of steps to the bench and straddled it, easing herself down on the padded, leather leg rests. She put her chest down on the leather padded raised middle, letting her breasts hang over the end. Then she put her hands on the wooden hand bar.

The spotlights on her position went out, and immediately two more clicked on, one on Master Cyclone and the other on Master Joker.

Master Cyclone held his Thruster Bunny up and straight out with his right hand. Then he flipped up his poster board with his left.

Master Joker held his Thruster Bunny up and straight out with his left hand. Than he flipped up his poster board with his right hand.

Master Cyclone flipped his poster board over.

The sound effect of a motorcycle engine being revved up played over the club's speakers.

Master Joker turned and looked at Master Cyclone. Master Cyclone flicked his Thruster Bunny hand and shrugged. Master Joker shook his head, flipping his own card over to reveal a picture of a screw and a baseball. Miriam laughed as she knelt on the bench watching them, she was unsure if what they were doing meant anything to anyone other than themselves but she still found the situation humorous nonetheless.

The two Bunny Masters looked at each other. Then they stepped to their respective tables, sitting aside the dildos and poster board cards. As she watched Miriam could see them picking up a different object from each table. Her eyes widened, and her pussy grew just a bit more damp, as she saw what they each had. She squirmed, her belly rubbing against the center portion of the bench as she wiggled her ass.

Master Cyclone held up a long and thin black paddle. Turing toward her he ran a hand up the side. Master Joker put a hand to his face and pantomimed laughter. He too had a paddle that was shaped like a hand on a stick.

Music began playing over the speakers. It took only a split-second for her to recognize it as one of a thousand versions of *'The Chicken Dance'*. As the into played on it was overlaid with a voice hiccupping, "SPUH-, SPUH-, SPUH-, SPANKING TIME! -TIME! -TIME!"

It was followed closely by another voice yelling, "LET THE FINAL ASS BEATING COMMENCE!", as the polka burst into full rhythm.

The two Bunny Masters went straight to where Miriam knelt on the bench. They skipped around her until the music paused for four beats going, DUNT, DUNT, DUNT, DUNT. Master Cyclone stood in front of her rubbing his crotch. Master Joker was behind her, and with each of the "DUNT" beats he hit her hard on the left ass cheek with the paddle. Miriam herself punctuated each strike of the paddle with a little moan of pleasure, then unable to hold back she laughed.

The music changed into its normal rhythm again and they danced around her. When the four beat pause came this time Master Joker was standing in front of her. Stepping forward he put his crotch in her face and ground against it, the zipper rubbing roughly against her lips. It was more than apparent that he had a huge and hard cock behind that zipper. From behind Master Cyclone struck her right ass cheek with his paddle on the four beats. This time she moaned and sighed a little louder, her pussy spasming.

Miriam sighed again as the music went back to its normal rhythm. *Are they going to keep this up for the whole song?*

Her pussy, anal rosebud and nipples all tingled.

God I hope so.

At the pause and four beats Master Joker spanked the left side of her ass with the paddle at each beat again as Master Cyclone put his hands to his eyes and pantomimed crying. Then the music went back to its normal rhythm as they walked quickly around her. Then the pause came again. Master Cyclone gave his four hard shots to the right side of her ass as Master Joker rubbed his hand shaped paddle lightly across her cheek.

God, Master, this is heavenly painful.

A long musical bridge hit and they skipped around and around her, their paddles held high, trailing their free hands along her sides. Miriam took a breath, knowing the pause and four beats were coming again. However she had apparently forgotten how long the bridge lasted, it seemed to be taking forever. She shivered and sighed each time their hands trailed along her sides, despite the fact that there was no skin on skin contact, just the plush furs rubbing against each other on the outside of their costumes.

Oh, God, Miriam had a sudden realization. *If this was what they were going to do through the entire song, then what would they do afterward??!!*

Master Cyclone stopped in front of her and jerked down the zipper at the front of her bunny suit several seconds before the pause came. As her breasts were pulled out the zippered hole by gravity he covered his mouth, pantomiming an, *'Oh, my,'* gesture. He reached out with his mittened hand and rubbed her left breast as the pause came and she sighed, feeling a charge going through her body as her nipple was brushed by the plush material of his hand mitten.

DUNT

Master Joker paddled her left ass cheek hard.

"Oooh," she gasped.

DUNT

He hit her harder.

"Uhhhahhhn."

DUNT

Harder still!

"Ahhhhhh," she cried.

DUNT

Master Joker's final hit with his hand paddle was backed by the strength of tightly tensed muscles.

CRAAAAACCCCKKKK!

"NNNNNNNNAHHHHH, G-O-DDDDD!," Miriam cried, arching her back and raising her head as she gripped the hand bar of the kneeling bench in a white knuckled death grip. She felt her legs buckle, and at the same time she was aware she was sweating profusely at her hair line underneath the hood of her bunny costume. "MMMMMMMM," she moaned, tucking her lower lip under her teeth as an orgasm that caused her knees and elbows to jerk hit. Her pussy spasmed and she felt a hot gush of liquid spray out for an instant, then trickle down the exposed part of her inner thighs. Master Cyclone squeezed her nipple hard with his mittened hand and this caused her to have another, medium sized, orgasm that was accompanied by a momentary increase in the flow of her cum running down her legs.

They were dancing around her again, spinning in circles as they did before her second little climax had fully subsided. Sweat was now beginning to bead on her forehead, making it feel as cool as the area in her hairline that was already becoming soaked.

DUNT

Master Cyclone struck her right ass cheek with his paddle.

"Ua-HA!," she choked, drawing in a ragged breath.

DUNT

WHAM! He hit her at a different angle, the length of the paddle catching a little of her left cheek as well.

"YEEEEAHA!," she cried.

DUNT

He hit her ass again.

"Yes, please," she begged.

DUNT

WAAHAMMM!

"Oh, more, PLEASE, SIR!"

Miriam was reeling, her arms shaking as she held herself up on the hand bar and they danced around her again quickly, patting her bare ass and rubbing her cheek as they did. She had never been in a situation so erotic

before, and *so kinky*. Master had come up with a delicious scene, and she knew it was only getting started.

This time when the pause came Master Joker switched things up. Instead of hitting her on her firm and round left ass cheek he aimed for the space just below her ass on the inner thigh. With each hit there was at least one of the "fingers" on his paddle striking her engorged left pussy lips as well.

DUNT

Smack!

"Uhhhhaa!," she cried.

DUNT

Smack!

"UNNNNAOOOO!"

SMACK!!

"Uh-fff-fff-fffttt,", she hissed, an orgasmic tingle building from the pit of her stomach.

DUNT

WHAAACKK! Master Joker's last strike caught more labia than thigh.

Miriam sat up on the kneeling bench, her hands letting go of the hand bar as she cried out in a fit of pleasurable pain. A burst of hot cum poured out of her pussy. "Ah, ah!," she panted. "OH, MY G-O-DDDDD!"

Now they danced and everything else seemed to be on hold for a long moment. For Miriam, having to wait those few seconds as the Bunny Masters pranced around her was the torture. She wanted to be padded without it stopping. Sweat ran down her face as she lowered herself back and took the hand bar. She wiggled her ass, sweaty and sticky from her female ejaculate. Then she relaxed it, waiting in anticipation as the music paused.

DUNT

Not to be outdone by his partner Master Cyclone this time hit the spot where her right ass moon joined the leg, using an underhanded swing and catching several inches of the underside of her leg. Pow!

"Nummmmm."

DUNT

Pow! He hit her in the same place again.

“Ha-uh-uh-uha.” Miriam felt as if there were ants running up and down her legs.

DUNT

POW!!! This time Master Cyclone gave her an even harder shot to the same spot.

“God,” she panted. Master Joker was standing in front of her, she realized, pulling down the zipper at the front of his costume.

DUNT

CRRR-AAAA-CCCKKKK!!!!! Master Cyclone hit her with what felt like all of his strength. He had switched back for the last blow, striking over handed, the tip of the paddle catching a bit of her left cheek as well.

“Mawwwaah!” Her legs spasmed as she had another little orgasm. From below she felt a light trickle of liquid running down her thighs, and on top sweat was already dripping off of her forehead.

Miriam raised her head, and it felt a little swimmy. She didn’t know what it was, if she had just been so ready, or if the situation was so unexpected and kinky, but she felt spent, and she still knew things were barley even started. Maybe it was the bunny costume. It did have two layers of material and it was making her sweat more than usual over a little paddling. She felt soaked at the shoulders and small of her back as well. By the end of the scene, whenever that would be, she felt certain that she would be able to take the costume and wring sweat out of it.

The second bridge was already going before she realized it, that long musical interlude where the spankings stopped. The sound of a bird call water whistle that was part of the song seemed to make her feel just a bit more dizzy as it played along. This time the two Bunny Masters were doing things other than just brushing their hands down her sides as they moved around her. Now they had other ways of torturing her already sensitive body.

Master Joker had indeed opened the zipper at the front of his costume as Master Cyclone had paddled her. Each time he danced in front of her he either gave her a light smack on the cheek with his hand shaped paddle, or slapped his hard cock against her lips. She did try to catch him a couple of

times, but to no avail. Things were blurred enough for her not to really see what it looked like, or how big it was, but judging from the feel of the velvety head as it touched her face or was pushed across her chin he had to be huge.

Master Cyclone focused his assault on her senses from the other end. When he would go around behind her he would take his plush mittened hand across her ass, or use it to rub her pussy. That was sweet torture, because with each touch her flow of juices would increase just a little to trickle down her thighs and each time it slowed to barely drops was when he made it around to touch her again. He also rubbed his mittens across her face as he passed up front, ensuring she felt her own wetness on her cheek.

God, Master. Nothing would ever top this.

How could anything?

And what would happen next after the song finally ended? Surely that would not be it, would it?

Feeling another slow building orgasm starting with the tingling in her clit, and knowing that any moment the bridge would give way to the steady polka tune followed by that split-second pause and the four beats, she truly hoped there was more.

A lot more.

When the pause and the four beats came this time Master Cyclone was standing in front of her. He took his own zipper now and reached in with mitten covered fingers to tease his cock out. Miriam could tell he was big, the head capped with a good sized knob, and he had to be hung just as well as his Bunny Master partner had to be. As Master Joker popped her ass with his hand shaped paddle for the four dunt beats, and as she gasped and moaned, Master Cyclone gave his cock a jerk on each of the beats, barely an inch from her eye.

They were off once the music returned to its normal rhythm, this time swinging their hips to make their cocks swing back and forth each time they came into view. Master Joker put his crotch right against her face when the pause came and he was standing in front of her, his hot and hard cock mashed against her nose. Each time that the dunt beat hit and Master

Cyclone paddled her right ass cheek Master Joker ground himself hard against her face, lightly muffling her moans of pleasure.

Again the music went to its normal rhythm and they danced around her. Both Bunny Masters had their cocks in hand, gripping them and holding them up as they patted the air behind them with their paddle hands as if they were riding invisible stick horses. One again Miriam, as drained and reeling as she was feeling, could not help but to laugh out loud. She had never thought, it had never even entered her mind, that comedy and domination could go so well together hand in hand.

At the pause Master Joker was behind her, no doubt in that split second before the dunt beat lining up his shot at her exposed left ass cheek with his hand shaped paddle. This time with each paddle strike Master Cyclone took his cock and pressed it to her lips. Miriam, unable to resist, parted her lips slightly and kissed it each time, softly and quickly right on the end. Master Joker's paddle shots had not been as hard this time or the time before, nor had Master Cyclone's. She had no doubt that they had something in mind for the finale.

God, Master, it's going to be something fantastic, she was sure.

Master Cyclone got behind her and gave her his four shots to the right side of her ass, and again he was holding back. With each shot on the beat Master Joker, who had his hands on his hips, swung his waist, to pop her in the lips with his cock on alternating sides with each paddle shot.

When the third and final bridge came the two Bunny Masters continued their sensual assault on Miriam's exposed body parts. They quickly alternated as much and as fast as they could, one rubbing her ass and pussy and the other rubbing her nipples with mittened hands. Occasionally one of them would slap her ass or face lightly with a mittened hand before they moved on to dance around her and change ends.

Miriam again took the time to wonder just how Master Albegas would ever top a scene like this. And more to the point she wondered what His intentions would be once the scene was over. He did not always use her again immediately after a scene He was not participating in was over, but that did not mean that He might not choose to do things differently as He had a way of doing to keep her guessing.

As the song went out of the bridge and the main rhythm resumed it did so at a slower pace. The two Bunny Masters stalked a little more slowly, paddles raised high. Miriam shifted her weight from knee to knee in anticipation. She found it funny, because she felt someway that the smiling faces on the Bunny Masters' heads seemed to project whatever they were thinking and how they were feeling despite the fact that the expression was permanently fixed on both.

Master Cyclone stopped in front of her, paddle held up and slung to his shoulder like a baseball player's bat. With his free hand he slowly stroked his cock, going from the base at the zipper to the head as if he were trying to milk a cow. Miriam of course knew that he was getting ready to put the head against her lips again as his Bunny Master partner paddled the left side of her ass.

DUNT

Master Joker paddled her a little harder, and seemingly slower than before. POW!

"NU-mph!," she moaned. Master Cyclone had not offered his stiff cock for kissing, but instead pressed his crotch into her face as his partner had done before.

DUNT

His second hit was slightly harder. WHACK!

Miriam's legs tensed a little as she moaned into a face full of plush bunny costume crotch.

DUNT

WHACK!

The tensing continued, and she felt it the most behind her knees. Her face felt as if it were in a steamy plush blackness as Master Cyclone pushed her head down and held it to him.

DUNT

CRR-AAA-CCKKK!

"Nmmmmmmmm," Miriam moaned into Master Cyclone's crotch, he had not budged or relaxed his arm yet. Her pussy gave a slight spasm. A sign that although her next orgasm was building that she was not quite there yet.

Miriam let out a breath, feeling slightly relieved as Master Cyclone stepped back. There was a cool rush of air that made her face feel cold as it hit the sweat now pouring off her forehead. She took a breath in and she sputtered as it went ragged as she sucked it in across her lips.

Once she had time to focus she realized the it was nearly time for the pause and four beats. Master Joker was standing in front her using his hand shaped paddle to brush a few errant hairs that had slipped down from the inside of her bunny hood and away from her face. The ears of her hood, she noticed, were beginning to droop slightly into her line of sight.

DUNT

POW! Master Cyclone gave her a good shot against her right ass cheek with his paddle, and at the same moment Master Joker tapped her left cheek with his paddle.

Miriam closed her mouth and drew in a deep breath.

DUNT

CRACKKKKK! Master Cyclone hit her again. Again Master Joker gave her a tap on the face, just a bit harder.

"Ahhha."

DUNT

WHACK! Master Cyclone gave her ass another good hit, while Master Joker hit her facial cheek hard enough for it to make a light sound.

"Ohhha."

DUNT

CRRR-AAAA-CCCCK! Master Cyclone gave her another shot with the paddle that seemed to have required all his strength. Master Joker hit her face with the hand shaped paddle hard enough to again make an audible sound and now just hard enough to sting a little.

"Nuhhhh-AH!," Miriam moaned. "Fffff-ffff, GOD!" It felt good and she felt her pussy cinch up slightly and a little trickle of cum seep down her leg, but it was not enough for the real big orgasm which was still building, waiting in the wings.

The music got faster, slightly faster than the normal cadence. The Bunny Masters were a blur of paddles and swinging cocks shrouded in pastel purple and green as they danced a circle around her. As Master Joker

paddled her Master Cyclone slapped her face lightly with a mittened hand. It was more than obvious to her that Master Albegas had told both of them everything that He knew would drive her crazy.

When they switched positions for the next four beats and paddle strikes Master Joker took his cock and smacked her hard and quickly on the lips each time Master Cyclone paddled her ass. She could feel her the puckered little rosebud between her cheeks tingle and flex. With all this ass beating that hole was dying to be used, and she prayed to her Master under her breath as she was paddled that He had told them they would need to play with it and torture it once she had had a real good paddling.

The music played on, even faster, meaning it would only be mere moments before Master Joker was spanking her with his paddle again. Miriam could taste the sweat dripping off her upper lip. She could feel the fluttering in the pit of her stomach, the sign that she was about to make it to the *Big One*, but she still hadn't gotten back there, even with all the kinkiness and the anticipation and the paddling that had been going on. In hindsight she would realize that *'The Chicken Dance'* probably only lasted between three and a half to four minutes, and she would always remember it as three and a half to four minutes of sheer heavenly torture even before there was any penetration.

Master Joker came to a stop behind her and laid in four hard shots dead on her left ass cheek with his paddle. Each stinging contact made her squirm and moan, but it still was not enough. Because of the speed of the music there was nearly no time before Master Cyclone was behind her and doing the same thing on the right side. Miriam felt a burning ache in her legs and her knuckles began to throb as she held the hand bar of the kneeling bench. Still she didn't cum, not even a little bit. Her nipples seemed to pulse and tingle as her gifted globes swung back and forth slightly with each blow of their paddles.

I'm going to cum the next time, she was sure. The song was almost over, and the Bunny Masters had everything so planned, under Master's guidance no doubt, that it had to be part of his plan to make her cum.

'The Chicken Dance' came to its fastest part, in a way the climax to the polka itself. The music went a little faster and the anticipation and her

thoughts were enough to push Miriam over the edge before Master Joker paddled her ass on the first dunt beat. She gasped, shivering and moaning out before his hand shaped paddle even made contact with her flesh. A spasm radiated from her clit and went through her pussy to make it clench up, then up through her whole body before, making her nipples ping with the beat of her heart and then quickly traveling back the other way to end with an electric throb at the apex of her clit before making the circuit back through her body again. When she cried out Master Joker hit her twice as hard, as if frustrated that she had vocalized her pleasure before he hit her. As the rolling wave of her orgasm traveled up and down her body again he hit her twice more, harder each time, keeping up with the quickened pace of the music.

Miriam gripped the hand bar, slowly lolling her head from left to right as she continued to be rocked by her orgasmic wave. Eyes closed she could still feel sweat pouring from her hairline and down her face. The music seemed muted, covered by a disembodied roar in her head. As she felt her clit throb with another electric tingle she felt her pussy beginning to tighten and clench.

DUNT

CRACK!

"NNUUUUHHHHAAHH!" Miriam had been so lost, drifting into subspace, that she had momentarily forgotten the Master Cyclone was still due at least four more paddle strikes. It only helped. She had relaxed, her bottom not tight or holding the slightest tension at all.

DUNT

WHHH-AAAA-CCCKKKKK!

"UHAAAAAAAHRRRRAH!" Miriam's nipples stung as if they had been struck at the same moment. Her legs sagged, being pulled against by the sweat soaked black leather that covered the leg rests of the kneeling bench, as a hot gush of cum poured from her pussy, and somehow she was aware enough to think that if Master Cyclone was standing close enough he was going to be soaked.

DUNT

WHHHHAAA-AAA-CCCCKK! Master Cyclone hit her harder.

“NUUU-HUHAH-OH-GODDDA!” The tip of the paddled felt wet, confirmation she was expelling enough to squirt hard, and knowing this was enough to fuel her own excitement even more. Her back and shoulders tensed as she felt another hot and squirting gush being expelled from her pussy.

DUNT

WHAM-MMMMMM! Master Cyclone’s last blow was strong and stiff armed as a couple he had given her earlier had been.

“Fttttt-ftttt-ftttt. Nuunn-Nuuunn- NUUUUUUNNNN-AH!”

As the song came to an end Miriam lowered her head down, resting in on her forearms as she expelled another hot gush of liquid from her pussy. It was quickly followed by another, although with very little force, her hot and sticky lady cum just running down her exposed thighs. She closed her eyes, gasping for breath. It was the end, but she was also very aware that it was only the end of the beginning.

-6-

There was a pause, maybe a full minute, but Miriam was sure no more than that. Everything was silent except for her gasping for breath in the again eerie silence of the club’s dance floor. She was covered with sweat, that much very apparent from the feel of her cheek against her tense, yet shaking, forearms. Her forehead, shoulders, small of her back, and especially at the knees where the fabric of her suit restarted were all soaked with her sweat, the lower legs soaked with her cum as well. For a moment she wished she could take off the hood of the bunny costume and shake her hair out, but she knew without having to be told that that was not allowed.

Suddenly there was noise. Kris Kross’s *‘Jump’* began to play on the club’s sound system. As it did several lights came on and off in the rigging above the space, and somewhere else above a mirror ball was spinning, its reflective shards of light spinning slowly around the room. Miriam raised her head, and almost as she expected she saw the two Bunny Masters jumping up and down and dancing to the music. Again she found that she could not help but smile, Masters Cyclone and Joker seemed to convey a lot

of attitude to match the song, even through the costume heads that gave no indication of what was really on the faces of the two men. She laughed louder as she realized that their cocks were still hanging out of the front of their suits, bouncing up and down each time they jumped.

'Jump' quickly cross faded into a foreign song with a fast dance beat that she did not recognize. Miriam had developed, what she considered, a very good ability to identify songs, especially ones that were played in the clubs that Master Albegas owned, but this one was new to her. She was sure it was distinctly something Japanese as she picked up a hand full of English words, like *"...crime and...city..."* and *"...welcome to Windy City..."*.

The Bunny Masters, it seemed to her, knew exactly what they were dancing to. They moved fast as they danced to match the beat, doing fairly well in their oversized bunny feet. They stopped after a couple of minutes, jumped up and down in place, and as their feet touched the floor one last time the song ended and the lights went down to the point that the room looked hazy.

"Do you love your husband, Miriam?," it was her Master's voice coming over the speakers. Underneath it was soft music played at a low level, a bass tone hitting every few seconds to reach above the level of the lighter background music.

Miriam took a breath, feeling her insides tingle. She remembered the conversation. It had been one that Master Albegas had recorded of them talking in the early weeks of her service. She felt a chill go down her spine.

"I-," her own voice said. "I still like him, Sir."

There were violins playing long and low notes to join the other music in the background.

"But you do not love him?", Master's voice questioned.

Miriam shivered on the kneeling bench.

"No," her voice came back, seeming to echo.

"No?," Master questioned, His voice had that same echoing quality as it come from the speakers.

"No, Sir," Miriam replied from the kneeling bench at the same instant that her voice come from the speaker system. It was a conversation she

knew by heart. Master pulled out the recording at least once a year and she listened to it with Him.

"You know what that makes, you, girl?," He questioned.

"What, Sir?", her disembodied voice questioned.

Miriam could feel the tingle in the pit of her stomach again. She felt her eyes rolling back in her head as she drew a ragged breath. She was dying to touch herself, but very aware that she was not supposed to without being told.

There was a long and deep bass drop that echoed on for a moment over the soft background music.

"That makes you a filthy slut," Master's voice finished.

To Miriam it felt almost as if the HELLO My Name Is_____ sticker on the left side of her bunny costume chest was getting warm. She wanted to peel it off and put it on her bared breast, but again she knew it was something else she did not have permission to do on her own.

"Yes, Sir," she agreed, in the present and over the club's speakers.

"You are still married, but more than willing to play with someone else," His voice went on.

"But, you-," her voice began.

"Do not interrupt," He told her, His voice stern.

Miriam's nipples were still rock hard and throbbing. She tensed her legs at the bend, jerking them slightly. It felt as if a single tear of her cum was sliding down the inside of her left thigh from her moist pussy.

"I does not matter who it is with, even if it is with Me," Master Albegas's voice continued. "You are still a married girl, and that makes you a filthy slut. It is what you are and what you always shall be."

"Yes, Sir," she agreed in unison with her voice on the speakers.

The sound of the violins became a little louder, then went very low.

"Do you know what One is going to have to do to you, filthy slut?," He questioned.

"No, Sir," her voice returned.

"Things," He replied, his voice sounding very distorted on that word. "Kinky things."

There was another long and drawn out bass tone. As it faded so did the rest of the music for a moment.

"Master?," her voice questioned in the silence.

"I am going to have to punish you," He said. The music came back, the violins beginning to play a frenzied and screeching tune.

A spotlight came on, illuminating Master Cyclone. He raised a hand to reveal he was holding a ring gag draped over the mittened fingers of one hand. He was standing by his card table, and she could see that his crotch was zipped, his cock put away.

"I am going to have to torture you, filthy slut," His voice finished, the whole phrase a little more distorted.

"Y-yes," her voice whispered over the speakers, a mix of fear, anticipation and lust.

"I am going to work that nastiness out of you, even if it takes the rest of our lives, My filthy slut," His voice continued.

Another song began to fade in, Danzig's *'She Rides'*. It played for several seconds, filling in the pause before she made further response. Master Albegas had played *'She Rides'* the very first time they had fucked, and on that evening He had taken her slow and sensually as He attempted to match the tone and rhythm of the music.

Another spotlight came on, this one illuminating Master Joker. He looked to her, cocking his head. In one hand he held a nice sized carrot, and in the other he held what appeared to be a butt plug. Like Master Cyclone he was standing by his card table, the zipper at his crotch closed and his cock also put away.

Oh, God, she could hear herself sighing in her head.

"Y-yes, please, Master S-Sir," her voice stammered over the speakers.

Miriam squirmed on the keeling bench. She had been beginning to get cold, but slowly the fire within her began to build again.

"Are you certain?," Master questioned.

There was another deep and long bass drop as the last remnants of the soft music and violins disappeared into *'She Rides'*. Miriam now felt sure that it was DJ Simon who was taking care of the music personally. No one

did it better, and she knew that he was the only one of Master's regular employees that He would trust enough to be allowed to observe a scene.

"Yes, Sir." She had replied with a breathless, yet girlish voice.

Master Joker and Master Cyclone each took a step in unison toward the kneeling bench.

Miriam drew a deep breath and sighed, dying for the Bunny Masters to do whatever Master Albegas had instructed them to do to her.

"We shall begin now, filthy slut." His voice came out a little garbled at the end.

"Yes, Sir," Miriam again replied in a breathless voice, both over the speakers and from the kneeling bench.

-7-

As *'She Rides'* continued to play Miriam remained still, holding the hand bar on the kneeling bench. Master Cyclone stepped in front of her and stretched the leather straps attached to the ring gag. He pointed to the mouth of his bunny head and leaned his head back. She followed his pantomimed direction, aware that her pussy was getting what seemed to be impossibly wetter. Miriam tilted her head up and opened her mouth.

Master Cyclone leaned down and took the ring part of the gag, placing it past her open teeth. Then he turned it up, wedging the cool metal between the hard and soft palates of her mouth just behind her front teeth. Then her worked behind her head, somehow strapping it tightly despite the plush mittens covering his hands. The straps felt cool against each cheek, and the ring felt like slivers of ice each small place it touched the inside of her mouth. Within a second she had already begun to drool out of the right corner of her mouth.

Unable to speak she turned her head slightly as Master Cyclone moved away and Master Joker moved behind her. She let out a raspy breath, trying to push it out of both her mouth and nose at the same time. Her clit, nipples and anal rosebud were all tingling in anticipation of what he was going to do with the objects he had in his hands. She shifted, shivering and jerking slightly as she felt him sit something cool and pliable onto the small of her

back. Without having to turn to look she knew he had set the butt plug aside.

Miriam's shoulders tensed as she felt Master Joker reach between her legs with a mittened hand. She pushed a harsh breath out of her mouth, making a soft sigh as he put his hand up, feeling her pussy and beginning to work it with his plush covered fingers just below her aching clit. "Haaaa-aagla," she moaned around the ring gag, drool now running freely from the right corner of her mouth.

Master Joker did not continue his sensual assault with his plush mittened hand on her pussy for very long. He brought it back, slowly dipping the tips of his covered fingers into her slit as he drew his hand back and out, making her moan and squirm. After a moment she felt his other hand on her ass cheek as he steadied himself behind her. Miriam could feel him dipping down slightly behind her, and despite the risk of punishment from Master, she couldn't help herself, she wiggled her ass and ground her hips back.

"Ullll-ahaha," Miriam sighed as she felt the cool and hard carrot slide over her pussy lips. Master Joker slid it back and forth in the edge of her slick valley a couple of times, and it was not hard for her to tell that he was holding it from the tapered bottom as it seemed to grow bigger and rounder as it bumped the outside of her clitoral hood.

From the corner of her eye Master Cyclone caught her attention. Miriam looked to him to see he was holding up another sign. Her eyes stretched as wide as her gag stretched mouth as she read the proclamation.

Miriam let out another drool laden moan as Master Joker gave the covering of her hard and throbbing clit another bump.

Master Cyclone nodded, taking a hand off the sign and motioning wildly. Then he flipped the sign over.

GIVE IT TO THE KINKY SLUT!!!!

“Hhhhh-UHHA,” Miriam moaned as Master Joker gave her clit a hard poke with the top end of the carrot.

Master Joker fumbled beneath her, adjusting his positioning. Then he hit her clit hard with the carrot.

“HHHHH-AH!,” she pushed through the gag, her body already getting an electric ping in every sensitive area. Her rosebud, nipples, and especially her clit throbbed as she felt the tensing in the pit of her stomach increase ten times what it had been as she waited.

He hit her clit with the carrot two more times, just a little lighter than the first time. Miriam gasped around the gag and moaned both times, arching her back as her shoulders tensed.

Master Cyclone held up another sign.

YEAH!

Master Joker spanked her clit with the carrot two more times, causing her to cry out around the metal gag each time. The roof of her mouth and her throat were beginning to feel dry.

Master Cyclone showed off his sign again with the first hit.

YEAH!

Then again with the second hit.

YEAH!

Miriam exhaled a sharp breath through her nose. Master Joker gave her clit one more solid hit with the hard top of the carrot. That was all it took to

set her off once again. Moaning loudly around the gag, drool now leaking from both corners of her mouth, she felt her pussy clench and spasm as a hot gush of liquid first squirted from it, then trickled down her exposed inner thighs.

"Hhaaffff-UHHHHH-UHHHHH!," she moaned through her open mouth. Inside it she took her tongue and ran it against the ring where the metal was wedged against her hard palate as Master Joker positioned the top of the carrot and slid it between her wet nether lips until it was in a position to slip right into her pussy. "Uhh! UHHHHH!"

Master Cyclone motioned wildly from where he watched, jumping up and down.

Master Joker worked the carrot in and out of her pussy with quick and hard thrusts. Along with most of the scene it was a new experience for her. Master Albegas had of course taught her to love her vegetables in a new way through the years she had served Him, although mainly with cucumbers and zucchinis. This was the first time she had had a carrot in her pussy, and it was the first time that someone else was doing the honors as all of her vegetable play up to that point had been a solitary effort under Master's watchful eye and direction.

Master Joker, his arm stiff, fucked her pussy using the carrot with a vengeance. She gasped and snorted, feeling her gifted globes swaying around with each thrust of the carrot into her. It was kinky and exciting all over, and it was not long before she had another orgasm that shook her from head to toe. As she had come she had pushed her ass back, taking as much of the carrot as she could into her pussy as hot liquid poured down her thighs again as she cried out around the gag.

Once she had finished coming Master Joker slipped the carrot out of her pussy. She shivered as she felt the back of his hand slide up between her legs. The plush material of the mitten was sopping wet, and that excited her. Since she had learned that she could squirt she had never been in a situation that she was so spent that she could no longer do it through a scene. Today, however, she wondered if she would be able to keep it up as she had in the past. To date she had never been in a scene as hot and kinky as this.

And what if Master wanted to use her Himself after it was over?

Miriam shivered. Just thinking about it made her come a little more, leaking down her legs.

She had very little time to consider anything more. The next thing that she felt was Master Joker pushing her left cheek up and away and a sudden coolness on her exposed rosebud.

OH, GOD!!!

Miriam let out a loud sigh, drool running down her chin and dripping off, as Master Joker took just the very tip of the carrot and pushed it into her rosebud. She closed her eyes and breathed slowly out of her nose, relaxing her sphincter, a hard feat since now that her ass was finally going to be toyed with it made her blood rush as she became excited enough to have a mini-orgasm that tingled electrically through her whole body. She shook and breathed out a little, then lowered her back and straightened it out somewhat so the Master Joker would have an easier time.

Once she had her back straight Master Joker had no problem driving the carrot home. He slowly, almost torturously, slid the carrot, which was lubricated with nothing other than her own ejaculate, into her tight asshole. She sighed as he worked, pushing the flare of the top a little further and a little further until it finally passed her sphincter, working it further still with a stiff finger until he took it back and the muscle closed behind the vegetable, pulling it in just a bit further.

Miriam then let out another gasp as she felt him pick up the cool butt plug off her back. It had sat long enough to become sticky from her sweat and peeled away from her skin as Master Joker took it in hand. She breathed through her nose, sighing as she worked to lower and straighten her back just a bit more.

I can take it. Of that she felt confident. *I can take it too*.

"Haster," she moaned through her nose, doing her best to relax even more.

There was the sound of a doorbell over the club's speakers. *'She Rides'* faded into Prince's, *'The Scandalous Sex Suite'*.

OH, MY, GOD!!

'The Scandalous Sex Suite' was another of Master Albegas's favorite songs when He was in a sensual mood. Although it was more than just song, as it was an EP album of the song *'Scandalous!'* remade into three overlapping parts that Miriam knew played for nearly 20 minutes.

God, was it going to be the whole thing?

She was torn between hoping it was and hoping it was not. Although she was still sure she could take whatever it was that Master had though up for the scene. She knew if He did not think she could then she would not be doing it at all.

Miriam groaned and sighed as the tip of the butt plug slipped into her ass. It went in with surprising ease, her sphincter stretching as it thickened, then closing and pulling it deeper as it thinned back out, pushing the carrot further inside. With a final breath the butt plug slid the rest of the way home, its flared base resting against her stretched pucker hole.

Behind her she could feel Master Joker release the butt plug and step back. She worked her shoulders as she held the hand bar, attempting to keep them from getting too tense and stiff. Panting out and drooling she looked up to see Master Cyclone holding up another sign.

Once Master Cyclone sat the sign down and made his way over to her Miriam felt for sure that *'The Scandalous Sex Suite'* was going to be played in its entirety. The pastel green Bunny Master slowly danced his way to her with something in hand. Once he had stopped before her and held it up could she see what it was. The object he held was a with kitchen timer with a big red dial.

Miriam gasped and panted through her nose and gag opened mouth as she watched him set the dial past 15 minutes. Then he waltzed around her and placed the timer on the small of her back as she knelt on the bench.

Having the cavity of her ass filled and plugged was heavenly torture. She loved being filled and abused back there, however she loved it much better when there was something like a hard cock or toy pounding in an out. But she still did love being made to hold things in place for Master, but she had never had something put inside and then been plugged to keep it in.

It seemed that the kinkiness just continued to build. Again she wondered how Master would ever be able to top putting her in a scene like this.

Master Joker had went to the tables once he had the butt plug secure in its place. He strolled up to Master Cyclone and presented his green Thruster Bunny to him. A glance to his other hand showed her that he was holding the purple Thruster Bunny.

Oh, God. What were they going to do?

Miriam giggled inside her head, moving her knees to redistribute her weight slightly and shifting the carrot inside her ass. Just the slight movement was enough to make her anal rosebud and her clit tingle with anticipation.

To her surprise Master Cyclone raised his Thruster Bunny in an on guard position. Master Joker backed away from his Bunny Master partner, holding his own Thruster Bunny like a samurai sword over his head. They stood, frozen for a moment, then lunged at one another, swinging their dildos at one another, blocking and parrying.

"Ah, uttah-ahahahah," she couldn't help but laugh around the ring gag, drool dribbling down her chin.

This was crazy. Every time she thought she knew what to expect something else more unexpected and outrageous would happen.

As she watched the quick death duel with Thruster Bunnies Miriam became keenly aware of the slight vibration that the timer sitting on the small of her back was making. It felt good and added to the little tingle she was feeling in her sensitive parts. She wished she had a vibrating toy up inside, like the toys the masters were playing with or a little egg, because it would feel so good. But Master always assured her it was not always about just her feeling pleasure. Which was also His reasoning as to why she could not masturbate as many times a day as she wanted to anymore.

'The Scandalous Sex Suite' played on into it's second movement, *'The Passion'*. As it did the Bunny Masters stopped their brief duel, and Miriam knew that this had to be a cue for some more kinky action. Lidding her eyes she worked her ass back slightly on the bench, causing her anal bud to squeeze around the base stem of the butt plug and her inside muscles to tighten a little on the carrot. That was enough to make her tingle and sigh a bit more in anticipation.

The Bunny Masters stepped up to the bench, each turning on the vibrating feature on their respective Thruster Bunnies. Miriam cooed as drool ran down her chin when each of them placed the vibrating toys against her cheeks. They only held them there a moment before moving them down and touching them to each of her nipples. Closing her eyes she sighed. It did feel nice and hot to feel the vibration coming from each shaft. And then they moved the vibrating toys around underneath her, turning them until the clit stimulating little bunny ears on each rabbit at the base were up against the apex of each nipple. The sudden increase in the intensity of the vibrating on her nipples made her pant harshly and squirm. She felt the rosebud of her ass tighten like a fist as it gripped the base stem of the butt plug.

God, Master, more sweet torture.

Master Joker reached out and stroked her cheek with his right hand, the mitten covering it was still sopping wet from being soaked from when she had came. She raised her head to look at him, doing her best to smile around the cold metal ring wedged into her mouth. He switched from a light rubbing to pie facing her, taking his plush mittened hand roughly across her eyes and nose. Miriam moaned, attempting to loll her tongue out through the ring. The smell of her musk was strong on Master Joker's mitten.

"Haaaah-huhhaah," she breathed around the metal ring. The tingling and vibrating at her nipples was more than just a little pleasant and it was making her other tingling parts crave attention.

After a moment the two vibrating toys were taken away from her nipples and Miriam let out a load sound of frustration before sucking in a drool filled breath. There was a Bunny Master on each side of her, trailing

the simulated cock heads of the Thruster Bunnies down her sides as they moved behind her.

Oh, God!

Miriam knew they were going to use the toys on her now. It did not take too much logic to know that that would be their next move. She shifted slightly as she felt Master Cyclone, who had went down her left side, running his mittened hand over the cheeks of her ass. She made a little noise, working to open herself slightly, wiggling her ass against his hand.

Master Cyclone reached between her legs and she moaned as she felt the jellied surface of the Thruster Bunny rubbing against her pussy lips. Miriam moaned, drool pouring out of her mouth as he worked the head of the toy between her engorged labia, then gave it a push to drive it easily into her sopping and sloppy hole. He twisted it as he gave her a couple of slow thrusts with it, then it came to life, beginning to thrust on its own. Master Cyclone gave a few additional thrust as the pumping action of the dildo continued inside of her. Then after a couple of more experimental twist he had the little bunny at the base in position. He pushed the dildo all the way in, then turned on the little vibrating bunny ears.

"Lalall-ah," Miriam moaned. Drool was now starting to dribble past her chin and to her neck. The little bunny ears vibrating against her clit was just another little bit of heaven. It wouldn't be long before she came again if he left it in the same spot. The pumping action inside her pussy was very nice as well, although she wished that Master Cyclone would crank up the speed another notch or two. She humped her waist down and back against it, feeling the moons of her ass rubbing the plush fabric of Master Cyclone's sleeve. She was very much aware that even that light thrusting was slightly moving the carrot inside her ass.

Master Cyclone turned up the thrusting speed on the dildo. As it went faster he moved it out a little bit, taking the bunny ears off her clit as if he knew it was the right moment to tease her and keep her from coming. He drew the toy back, pulling it halfway out before slowly sliding it back inside, further enhancing his teasing of her insides. Miriam felt her eyes roll back in her head as she wished that he would jam it in hard and fast,

over and over until she came, or at least leave it buried so the vibrating bunny ears would tickle her clit until she came again.

As he slowly moved the Thruster Bunny in and out of her hole Master Joker began to play with her, apparently to remind her that he was still there. He started by rubbing the right side of her ass in small circles with his dry hand. Then after a while he took his Thruster Bunny and began rubbing her between the legs with it, dragging its jellied shaft and head along her outer labia as Master Cyclone continued to fuck her with his toy.

Miriam was unsure if both of them playing was distracting, or if it was helping her next orgasm to build over a longer period. It was hard not to be distracted between the two of them playing with her, the constant flow of drool that was now running down her neck, the soft music and disco lights, and the pressure inside her caused by the trapped carrot. It all did distract her, but in a hot and exciting way. Her nipples began to ache, and her clit began to tingle as it started dying for the feel of the vibrating bunny ears.

After what seemed like an eternity of Master Cyclone slowly pushing his pistioning toy in and out of her as Master Joker teased his version of the same toy along her wet lower lips *'The Scandalous Sex Suite'* shifted into its third movement entitled *'The Rapture'*. It was Miriam's favorite part of the song as well as Master's because it featured some female orgasmic whimpering in the background and had nearly no actual lyrics as opposed to the first two thirds of the song.

"Hwaallll," she moaned as Master Cyclone withdrew his thrusting bunny dildo from her pussy. Master Joker had been rubbing his hand over the flared base of the butt plug and causing it to move slightly, but at that moment he too stopped. The pause in their action they were focusing on her only lasted a moment.

"Luaaah," she moaned again as a Thruster Bunny was plunged back into her aching pussy. It came to life almost instantly, wiggling and twisting inside her as the vibrating bunny ears hummed against her clit. This time she was sure that it was now Master Joker's toy that was invading her wet and hungry hole. He started to work it in and out of her as it twisted against her wet insides, keeping it in a rhythm that was his own and not in trying to keep up with the music.

Once she felt her sensitive spots beginning to tingle and ache with greater need Master Cyclone appeared, as if by design, to provide that break in her concentration that would hold her orgasm off just a bit longer. He held his glistening pastel green Thruster Bunny up and Miriam nodded, knowing exactly what his intention was.

As Master Joker worked his Thruster Bunny in and out of her pussy Master Cyclone raised his up and poked it through the gag ring, placing the head into her mouth. She raised her tongue on the inside of her mouth, batting at the surface of the sex toy. It tasted of synthetic skin, brand new rubber and her own cum, a sweet and heady, musky mixture. She shivered as she tried to run the tip of her tongue along its underside as she would a real cock. Miriam was cold now. The whole pink bunny costume was soaked in her sweat and her cum, and every inch of exposed flesh on her body was freezing. All her warmth came from inside, generated at her erogenous spots as her next climax steadily continued to build.

Miriam gasped and let out a little whimper of her own, adding to the simpering on the track. Her sphincter contracted a couple of times, gripping the base stem of the butt plug a little more tightly each time. What she was really longing for was to have her tight ass pounded instead of being stuffed with the carrot and the butt plug. She wanted something big and warm moving in and out, and that thought not only made her feel hotter, but it made her feel more frustrated as well.

Master Joker jammed his Thruster Bunny in hard, then started to work it in small half-strokes as Master Cyclone had, pulling the teasing bunny ears out of range of her clit as well. Master Cyclone took his Thruster Bunny and moved it a little further into her mouth, maybe two inches or so. As Master Joker worked her pussy Miriam did her best to move her tongue around over as much of the toy in her mouth as she could. Now she was wishing the gag was off so that she could really suck it like she was supposed to suck a cock.

Miriam's head was beginning to pound. There was an ache in her face just below and behind her eyes, and her jaw was getting sore. All from the ring gag, she knew. Sometimes they were a calculated torture as well because sometimes that ache would distract her and help her hold off her

orgasm a bit longer. Right now though she didn't want to hold it off anymore. She wanted to come a great big cum that would soak her legs, the club's dance floor and anyone else standing behind her.

In that instant she was thinking she had forgotten to pay attention to the Bunny Masters. She was brought back to reality as Master Joker slipped his toy out of her pussy and Master Cyclone took his out of her mouth. She nearly made a verbal protest around the ring when she realized that *'The Scandalous Sex Suite'* had started to fade.

Once the song was over there was silence, or at least it seemed like silence for a split-second. Then Miriam was keenly aware of the quick tick, tick, ticking of the timer that had been placed just above her waist. She cooed to herself, again appreciating the slight vibration it radiated.

DING

The bell on the timer went off, echoing in the silence of the cavernous room, and the vibration stopped.

Miriam raised her sweat soaked head as Master Cyclone stepped up and worked to undo the ring gag after sitting his Thruster Bunny aside. Once he had it undone he put his mittened fingers in her mouth and with a slight twist of the wrist freed the ring from where it was wedged in her mouth. Miriam let out a gasp and sigh, then swallowed the spit pooling behind her lips. Her jaw ached, and the sore spots behind her eyes throbbed for a moment.

She had little time to relax from having the ring gag taken out of her mouth. As she felt the plush material of Master Joker's hands touching her ass she cooed. His fingers wrapped around the flared base of the butt plug, the action alone causing it to move slightly. Then with a strong and slow tug he slowly worked it out of her ass.

"Nummmm," she panted. It felt so fucking good that there was something moving back there. The inner part of her pucker ring felt a little tender, she knew because the only lubricant he had used to get it in was her own juice, so in the past nearly half hour it had had time to dry out.

Once Master Joker had it all the way out she took several sharp breaths and panted. Miriam thought of the little pain in her ass as a tease. She still wanted something warm and hard back there to fill her. She looked to her

right as the purple Bunny Master walked past her to his table to sit the butt plug down.

Master Cyclone hopped up to her, getting close, another sign in hand. He held it up for her to read.

Miriam shifted slightly on the bench and raised up, letting go of the hand bar, until she was squatting up on her knees. She bounced on them a couple of times. Then she threw a plush sleeved arm over her eyes as she leaned her head back. With another breath and a sigh she contracted muscles deep in her abdomen, muscles usually reserved for other duties.

"Mmmm, God," she whispered to herself. This was another new experience, expelling a loving vegetable as someone other than Master Albegas watched. "Mmm." She also found it more than a little exciting.

With a last loud groan she pushed harder, baring down slightly. She felt her tightest of holes iris open, the flared top of the carrot passing her sphincter and opening her a little wider. Once an inch had slipped by the little internal lubrication she had in there and gravity took care of the rest. The carrot popped out of her ass, bouncing off her calves and hitting the floor with a slight smack.

Miriam stayed up on her knees as Master Cyclone quickly moved behind her to retrieve the vegetable. He was back in just a moment, holding it up so she could see it. It looked slick and glistened in the spotlight that was on them. He then held it under his nose as if her were sniffing it, moving his head in the same quick and jerky motion they both had when they had first hopped onto the dance floor. Once again Miriam found herself giggling at the sight before he hopped back to his table and sat it aside.

Once both of the Bunny Masters were back by their tables the lights went out again, plunging the dance floor into momentary darkness. Miriam remained sitting up on her knees, her body tingling with excitement. She almost could not wait for whatever was coming next.

"You agree, you are a filthy slut," Master Albegas's voice came from over the speakers. It was a recording of another of their earliest sessions.

"Yes, Sir," her own voice came back, a little breathless.

"I'm going to have to work that out," He said, His voice sounding a little strained. He had been fucking her with her flat on her back as that particular recording took place. "You need to be lent and get that fucked out of you, even if it takes the rest of our lives."

"Lent?," her voice questioned in the darkness.

Miriam felt her nipples tingling as she listened for His response.

"Shared with other masters to be the filthy slut you are," His voice rasped.

Miriam's clit throbbed. *Oh, God*.

Spotlights flashed on to reveal the Bunny Masters standing in front of her. As if by magic each of their card tables was gone, taken away by unseen helpers in the dark. Bell Biv DeVoe's *'Poison'* began to play. Master Joker jammed to the first part of the tune, peeling off a mitten and throwing it as it paused. On the next opening beat Master Cyclone mirrored his steps, removing and throwing his opposite mitten across the dance floor. As the group began to sing the lyrics they danced around one another. Then they each removed the others remaining mitten and threw them over their shoulders.

The Bunny Masters turned to face her, jerking and doing the robot. They slowly moved, their movements getting even slower as the music was slowed down and down as if the drive spinning the disc had been turned off and it was playing out every note until its spinning ceased. A voice hiccupped, "Ra-Ra-Ra-Ah-Ra-, REMIX!," as the song ground to a stop. It was instantly replaced by *'Do Me!'*, another Bell Biv DeVoe song.

Masters Cyclone and Joker tapped danced, then stopped and ground their hips slowly before stopping and doing several pelvic thrusts in the air. Then they danced and skipped closer to her. They stopped, putting their

hands on their hips, grinding them slowly. Master Cyclone raised a hand and shook it several times in a slow and jerky motion. He took it down past his waist and grabbed his zipper. Then he took it down and reached in, and after a moment he fished out his cock.

At last Miriam felt she was in a position to appreciate what he had out. As she had noted before it was nice and fat, with a thick knob of a head. Because it was still partly hidden from view by his costume she could not tell how long he was, but she guessed at least seven inches.

To her right Master Joker mimicked his Bunny Master partner. After getting his zipper down he pulled out his own cock to show her. It too was thick and long, jutting out and curving upward slightly. The head of his cock was slimmer than Master Cyclone's with a little more of an arrow shape to it. Miriam caught a quick glimpse of some nice veins as he moved his hand off it for a moment. As with Master Cyclone length was difficult to judge because of the costume he was wearing, but she was sure he too was seven inches at the very least.

The pair danced to the music for a minute, letting their hard cocks bounce up and down, although Master Joker's was definitely the more ridged and stiff at that moment. As they danced around her they each signed with their hands for her to go lower. Miriam had no problem complying to this. She placed her hands on the center pad of the bench and got into a lower kneeling position.

Master Cyclone slipped out of view behind her first. Master Joker stood beside her on the right, reaching down with a now bare hand he cupped and kneaded one of her globe shaped breasts. Miriam moaned and sighed as he took the nipple between his thumb and index finger and pinched with a twist.

Miriam closed her eyes, rolling them back slightly. As she opened them again she raised her head to look up at the darkened manager's office above the DJ's booth. *You watching all this, Master?*

Of course she knew He was.

Master Cyclone rubbed the head of his cock over her cool and open pussy lips. Miriam sighed as he teased her, pushing it back and forth over her slit. She was tempted to squat back and urge him in, but she was also

having a good time being teased as well so she let him take his own pace. She glanced back over her shoulder as he reached forward and cupped her left breast from behind.

"Mmmmm," Miriam purred. It felt good to have a strange hand on each breast. Master Cyclone rubbed the raised and bumpy areola as Master Joker continued to pinch her other nipple.

She let out a cry as an open hand stung her bare right ass cheek. Master Cyclone spanked her there three more times, each time making her cry out. Then he repositioned himself slightly and pushed the head of his cock into her pussy. Miriam bit her bottom lip and moaned, the spanking and nipple teasing enough to make her have a tiny orgasm. She felt a slight squirt, and was sure that the little bit she expelled was already dripping down Master Cyclone's shaft. Tightening his grip on her left breast and steadying himself by putting his other hand on her waist he thrust himself up to drive the rest of his cock into her.

Miriam closed her eyes and sighed. God it was so good to get a hot and hard cock up her hole. Her rosebud and nipples tingled, her nipples especially since both the Bunny Masters were still playing with them. She let out a breath, dropping a little lower. As her breasts became squeezed between her body and the leather covered center of the kneeling bench Master Joker took his hand away. When he stepped around and in front of her Miriam raised her head automatically. She positioned herself as Master Cyclone pistioned himself into her from behind and then put her hands back on the wooden hand bar, letting her loose breast swing and sway over the edge of the bench.

Master Joker thrust his hips forward slightly as Miriam took his cock into her mouth. Her jaw was still a little sore, but she knew there was nothing like sucking a big and hard cock to work it out. Closing her eyes she sucked in a breath, moving her head forward to take him in deep. He jerked slightly, then began thumping his foot on the floor.

This time Miriam resisted the urge to laugh. She knew she would not seem like a good girl if she bit his cock while it was in her mouth.

From behind Master Cyclone worked his waist in short and hard motions, pounding his cock into her damp pussy. Miriam moaned around

his partner's cock as she felt the dangling zipper bumping her clit with each thrust. It had been a while since she had worked between two men. Over the past couple of years more and more of their threesomes had been with female subs, so the chance to finally be in between two big and hard male Masters was hot and making her more excited.

Master Joker reached up and felt her right breast. Master Cyclone still had his on her left one, pressed and squeezed between it and the center edge of the kneeling bench. Miriam opened her eyes widely and looked up to Master Joker as she sucked him. He took his hand off her tit and slowly felt up her chest to her shoulder, then up her neck, and then finally to her forehead. He placed a couple of fingers under the top of the hooded head of her costume and pushed it back.

Oh, thank God.

It was sweet relief, but the sudden feeling of coldness made Miriam feel suddenly lightheaded and slightly nauseated for the space of about three seconds. She did not break her rhythm though, she continued to suck Master Joker as he let the hood fall back over her shoulder. Her hair was heavy, ringing wet with sweat. She took one hand off the hand bar and grabbed his shaft lightly, pulling it to her mouth as she sucked him with slow and long strokes.

There was a moment of clarity, and Miriam realized that somewhere in the past few seconds the song had changed again from '*Do Me!'* to Lady Gaga's *'Bad Romance'*. She took a breath around her mouth full of cock, then closed her lips, sucking it back hard as she began working to match the thumping beat of the song as she sucked Master Joker's cock.

Master Cyclone kept up his humping and pumping from behind. With each thrust Miriam's tight rosebud flexed and tingled. Of all of her parts it was still the most neglected, and as she sucked Master Joker she kept willing him to move up a hole and pop his hard cock into her tightest of holes. She even went as far as to try and suggest it with body motion, raising her ass slightly each time he thrust deep inside of her. Miriam did her best to pivot from the middle, to take the cocks in her pussy and mouth in and out at the same lengths at the same time, although with not much

success as Master Cyclone humped her with a different cadence than she was using to suck Master Joker's cock.

After several minutes, just before the spoken word bridge of *'Bad Romance'* Master Joker tapped her shoulder. She took her mouth off of him and at the same time felt Master Cyclone's hand slide off her other breast and his cock slip slowly out of her pussy. It was a silent signal for them to change positions, and the though of the Bunny Masters switching holes served to excite her, making her already sloppy and sopping pussy wet itself more.

Master Cyclone was in front of her face before his partner barely had time to step back to begin moving behind her. She took him in hand, giving his hard and sticky cock a couple of jacks before stretching her neck out and putting her lips over the head.

God, she tasted so fucking good on him!

She sucked him in, returning to the rhythm from the beat of the song she had been using to suck the other Bunny Master. She wished that he were more exposed. Miriam would have loved to be cupping his unseen balls in her hands as she sucked his cock.

Suddenly the rosebud of her anus got the attention it had been dying for. First Master Joker took two fingers and sank them into her pussy, pounding them in hard to the wrist and making her gasp, choke and moan around the cock she was sucking. Once his fingers were nice and wet he moved them up the valley of her ass and then, with just an experimental poke, he drove them deep into her ass. She paused from her sucking once more to moan and catch a breath as she squirted down her thighs from another small orgasm.

Miriam found it was even more difficult keeping focused on sucking Master Cyclone's cock, especially with Master Joker doing his best to torture her to make her repeatedly have a little squirting climax. He reached under her with his other hand and jammed his thumb into her pussy, immediately putting his index finger on her clit. He rocked his finger and thumb back and forth as he worked the fingers from his other hand to gently pound her asshole. With another moan around Master Cyclone's cock she let go again, squirting the thumb and wrist intruding into her damp valley.

Finally she needed a break. Miriam took Master Cyclone's cock in her hand and stroked it as she took her mouth off of it. She raised up, arching her back slightly and looking back to the purple Bunny Master as he worked to drive fingers from each of his hands into her holes. "God," she sighed, out of breath. Then she faced forward, giving Master Cyclone's cock a couple of hard tugs. "This is so fucking hot!"

Master Joker slipped all his fingers out, and Miriam made a slight moan of protest as she lowered herself back down to take his partner's cock back into her mouth. The moan of displeasure turned quickly into one of delight as she felt him jam his cock into her slick pussy hole as she put her mouth over the head of Master Cyclone's cock. She sucked him hard as Master Joker pounded her hard and stiff from behind, and that was enough to make her have another small orgasm that soaked his cock as he ground it into her.

'Bad Romance' ended, and there was a split-second silence as Marvin Gaye's *'Let's Get It On'* began to play. The effect of the change in the music was nearly instantaneous for all three. Miriam slowed the pace that she was sucking Master Cyclone with. He himself began to slowly fuck his cock into her mouth to meet her halfway. From behind Master Joker slowed his pace as well, putting a hand on each of her hips.

Oh, it felt so deliciously good. Miriam already knew there had never been a scene like this before, and she had her doubts if there would ever be another like it again. Master Albegas had always promised that every scene she was in would be a unique experience, and with this one he had more than delivered on that promise.

Miriam took her head back and let Master Cyclone slide out of her mouth, keeping a hand on him and jacking it as she took a breath. Master Joker's cock thrusting in and out of her pussy was so heavenly sweet at that moment.

"Thank you, Sirs!," she cried out. It was meant for all of them, including her Master watching form somewhere above.

She looked to Master Cyclone as she tugged his cock. "Thank you, Sir."

The green Bunny Master gave a comical shrug.

Miriam leaned herself out as much as she could and kissed the head of his cock, letting her tongue tip run into the slit as she sat back up. Closing her eyes she moaned with pleasure before turning to look at Master Joker. "Mmmmm, thank you, Easter Bunny."

In response Master Joker took himself out of her pussy, sitting his hard, sticky and throbbing cock right between her ass cheeks.

God, she knew what he was going to do next. Lowering herself down and taking Master Cyclone back in her mouth she raised her ass up and wiggled it slightly. She had her face buried into the plush material of his pastel green bunny costume, the zipper rubbing her against each cheek, as Master Joker opened her ass up and then forced his hard cock into her tight hole.

At last!

Sweet heaven!

Miriam began to suck Master Cyclone's cock at a frenzied pace as Master Joker started pounding her ass. He went slow at first, but it did not take more than a minute for him to match the frenzied pace with which she was sucking his partner.

As they worked together, Master Cyclone now humping her face as she sucked him, the song changed to Lords Of Acid's *'Rough Sex'*.

Miriam moaned a loud and furious noise as she sucked Master Cyclone. *It was coming soon!* Her nipples and clit both stung and ached, and her stretched asshole throbbed as Master Joker assaulted it. There was a Big One on the way! At least one more. She exhaled through her nose and sighed again around a mouth full of cock.

Miriam felt a shock. This time it started with her rosebud and when it radiated out and touched her clit that little nub of erect flesh felt as if it had been hit with a well aimed shot with a wooden dowel as Master Albegas loved to do when he had her bound, spread and exposed. Next the feeling radiated in a wave traveling up her body, making her nipples sting as it went further, making her head swim, her hearing becoming momentarily muffled. Then, instantaneously the surge went right back down and as it charged her lowest erogenous points it felt as if a bolt of electricity was

arcing back and forth between her clit and her anal rosebud and then right back.

Drawing in a deep breath Miriam took her mouth off of Master Cyclone and raised up, arching her back and craning her head back as she pushed her body back against Master Joker. She came the Big One, *and oh, God it felt so good*. There was a huge gush of liquid jetting from her spasming pussy in a quick and sudden burst, and as she heard it splatter on the floor behind her over the loud and frenzied music it made her excited enough to squirt a second big burst. "Huah, Huah," she panted. Miriam moaned, "HUAHUUUUUUUU!", as she squirted a little more, but with less force, wetting her thighs anew.

As she got past the crest of the final wave she lowered herself slightly. She caught Master Cyclone in her line of sight. Apparently her excitement was enough to drive him to the edge because he stood before her, furiously stroking his cock. With a ragged breath and a sigh she lowered herself even further and opened her mouth wide as she turned her eyes up at him.

Master Cyclone nodded quickly and did a little motion with his free hand to point at the smiling and open mouth of his bunny head.

Miriam let her tongue snake out, pointing it up slightly as Master Joker continued to pound his cock into her ass.

There was a grunt, the only audible sound that either Bunny Master had made during the entire scene. Then there was a hot and sticky burst across Miriam's tongue. She cooed with an open mouth, already getting his tart and somewhat salty cum taste soaked into her tongue. It was just as heady and musky as the smell of her own pussy, continuing to soak into her taste buds as a little started dribbling off the side of her tongue as he dumped a second load on top of it. Master Cyclone worked his cock, milking more out across her right cheek and her chin. It started to dribble down her face in a couple of ropy and sticky strings as she pulled her tongue in her mouth to eat the rest down.

Miriam had just enough time to swallow Master Cyclone's sperm, but barely any time to savor its taste. Master Joker now grabbed onto her waist, digging his fingers in as he pounded her ass at an even harder pace. Now that his partner had come she knew that he was going to give it to her even

harder. Once again the knowing was exciting. Her pussy squirted another slight trail of tears down her thighs.

Just one more Big One.

"One more Big One", she panted out loud. She sighed and gasped, arching her back toward him and wiggling her ass up to grind into him as he fucked her. "Please, Master Easter Bunny," Miriam begged. "Oh, *please*, Sir."

Apparently Master Joker was not deaf to her pleas. He grabbed her waist tighter, driving his hard cock deeper up her ass with each thrust. Each time he buried himself as far as he could go Miriam felt each one of her erogenous areas pound and throb with it. Master Joker gave her a furious double pump.

"OH, YEAH!," Miriam cried.

Then she groaned loudly as he took his cock out of her ass. It ached and throbbed, slightly burning from being so harshly robbed of its long and hard prize. The next noise she made, though, was a cry of pleasure as he thrust his hard cock right back up into her steamy snatch. "AH! AH!," she cried as he pounded her.

It didn't take very long, no more than a handful of thrusts, before she came again. The excitement was five times better, because this time as she came she had Master Joker's hard cock buried as deep as it would go, the roughness of the metal zipper of his costume threatening to tear at the sensitive petals of her labia, and the burst of her ejaculation caused her cum to jet up her ass crack and onto his plush fur covered belly as well as giving her bare ass a sprinkling. At the same moment Tag Team's *'Whoomp, There It Is!'* began to play, and having to think *Tag Team* at the same time she was being tag teamed between two Doms in bunny costumes was too much for her to take. She arched her back against Master Joker, laughing hysterically as she gushed once more, soaking their legs.

That had apparently been enough to drive Master Joker to his climax. He gave her a few more deep and hard pounding thrust, giving her another mini-orgasm, before pulling his cock out and taking it in hand. Pushing herself up on shaky arms Miriam looked back as he stroked himself,

reaching out with his free hand he grabbed her costume where it stopped at the small of her back, raising it up.

God, this just didn't stop getting kinkier.

Miriam moaned, coming from another kinkiness induced orgasm as Master Joker came, his hot sperm splattering across her back underneath the piece of pink bunny costume he was raising. He stayed behind her, milking himself until all the cum he had been able to produce was a warm and sticky puddle on the small of her back. Then he let go of her costume and it snapped back against her, smearing his cum between the form fitting inner shell and her skin.

-10-

The music had stopped after a couple of minutes, and Miriam had laid herself out on the kneeling bench, thanking Master Albegas over and over in her head for thinking up such a hot and kinky scene. While she was laying there, nearly dozing, the Bunny Masters came back into the area where their tables had been initially been set up. Master Joker was setting up a tripod, as Master Cyclone opened a laptop and worked to do something. When they had finished they came back to her, Master Cyclone holding a sign. Miriam squinted to read the message on it, although it was not clear to her what it meant.

Master Cyclone turned the sign around and sat it so that it stood against the base of the kneeling bench just enough to cover her exposed breasts. Then he made a victory sign with his fingers, motioning for her to do the same. She raised both hands and made the "V" sign as the Bunny Masters stood on each side of her doing the same, each with the opposite hand. She

looked in the direction of the camera Master Joker had set up and it flashed, taking their picture.

As Master Cyclone went back to the laptop and picked it up Master Joker produced an envelope and handed it to her, and that was effectively the end of the scene.

Miriam looked in the dim light at the envelope and read the front.

filthy slut

She sat up, her whole body soaked and aching. She took a moment to stretch, then opened the envelope and pulled out the note Master Albegas had written her and read,

filthy slut,

It is time to go home. Collect your toys and drive straight home with no stops in between. Be sure and put you hood back up. W/we have much to discuss!

M. Albegas

Miriam felt her heart beating faster. He intended to meet her at home, which would mean He would definitely have more plans for her.

Oh, God, thank you, Master.

This was going to be the hottest and happiest Easter ever.

-11-

Miriam had been obedient to the directions of Master Albegas's letter. She had pulled her sweaty hood with its now drooping rabbit ears over her head and then rounded up the Thruster Bunnies from where the card tables had been placed off from the dance floor. She had only paused to call back and thank the two Bunny Masters, and Master Cyclone and Master Joker had jumped up and down, mimicking blowing kisses and waving back to her.

Outside it was cool and still getting bright thanks to daylight savings. Miriam was freezing in her soaked costume, and it motivated her to run across the back parking lot of Gao-Access and get into her car that much faster. Once she was in she turned on the engine and made her way back to her apartment, praying doubly hard that she would not be pulled over, even though the thought once again made the fires inside jump up and send a tingle through her clit and nipples.

There was the first hint of the sun reaching its noon apex in the sky as she pulled in front of her apartment door. She quickly got out and rushed to the door to put the key in the lock. Right now she had no desire to be seen by anyone, and at this time of day she was sure that she would be hard to miss.

Miriam stepped inside, slamming the door closed behind her. She put her back against the door, breathing hard, slightly laughing to herself as she hugged her Easter Thruster Bunnies to her.

"Welcome home, My filthy slut," Master Albegas said. He had already beaten her home and was sitting in a recliner that had once belonged to Jesse that He had claimed as His own as soon as He had moved her to the apartment from the house she had once shared with her former husband.

Miriam sighed. "Oh, Master, thank-"

"No," He said, raising a hand to cut her off. "Don't thank Me just yet." He leaned toward the coffee table and turned her laptop around so that the screen faced her. "Come and see."

Miriam crossed from the door and leaned down, placing the Thruster Bunnies beside the Magic Carrot on the table. On the flat screen was the picture the Bunny Masters had taken before she had departed. She closed her eyes, sighing to herself.

Oh, sweet humiliation.

It was not the first time she had a picture posted online, though usually she was a little less covered and a little more engaged in something that Master and His friends posted of her.

Miriam's rosebud, clit and nipples were getting an electric tingle again.

The picture had been posted on what looked to be a blog page. She looked under the picture, reading the caption.

Miriam was not sure what exactly it meant. She had a feeling the Bunny Masters were using a different context than she was thinking, but she sure knew that she loved a little “DOUBLE” as well.

“Why don’t you get out of that dirty thing, My filthy slut,” Master said. “Then you can tell Me every nasty detail about what you did this morning.” Of course He already knew every detail, but it was always sweet torment to have to retell it all to Him as He took His own enjoyment with her.

“Yes, Sir”, Miriam replied, a slight smile touching her lips.

Oh, God, she could hardly wait.

THE END
HAPPY EASTER

About The Author

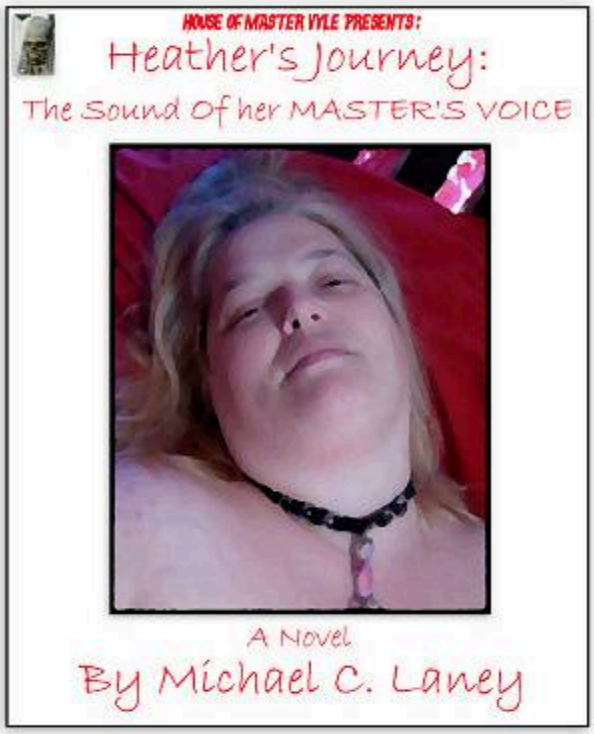
Michael C. Laney lives in Davenport, Florida and has been involved in the BDSM lifestyle for most of his adult life. He is the author of the BDSM Erotic novel *Heather's Journey: The Sound Of her MASTER'S VOICE*. Although he takes the BDSM lifestyle seriously he also feels that it has its lighter side, *Bunny Holes* being an example of that. He loves anime, tokusatsu and cats, his house currently overflowing with a collection of all three. He spends his spare time writing, being addicted to his new Kindle and maintaining his blog, House Of Master Vyle.

MICHAEL C. LANEY
HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE
Be A Fan, Leave A Comment,
See What's Coming Next
From Michael C. Laney!
Horror, Erotica And So Much More!
Making The World A Scarier
And Pervier Place Since 1986!
twitter: twitter.com/Master_Vyle
blog: houseofmastervyle.blogspot.com
e-mail: house_of_master_vyle@yahoo.com

Also available from Michael C. Laney

Heather's Journey:

The Sound Of her MASTER'S VOICE



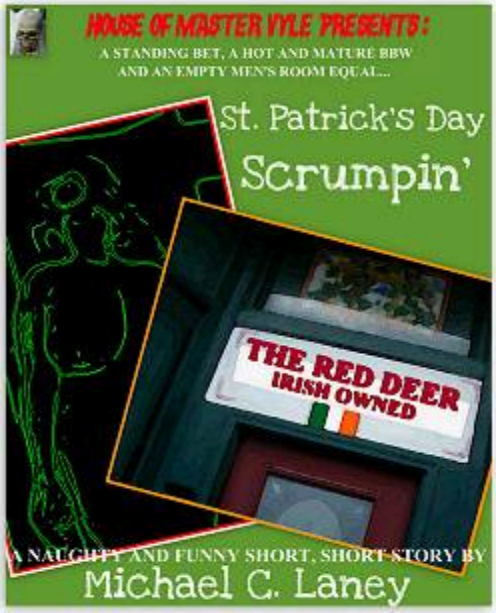
IT BEGAN WITH A QUESTION THAT BECAME HER OBSESSION
ONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF BDSM

THE FIRST NOVEL IN THE HEATHER'S JOURNEY TRILOGY!

Also available from Michael C. Laney

A standing bet, an Irish owned bar,
a hot and mature BBW and an empty Men's room equal...

St. Patrick's Day Scrumpin'


HOUSE OF MASTER VYLE PRESENTS:
A STANDING BET, A HOT AND MATURE BBW
AND AN EMPTY MEN'S ROOM EQUAL...
St. Patrick's Day
Scrumpin'
THE RED DEER
IRISH OWNED
A NAUGHTY AND FUNNY SHORT, SHORT STORY BY
Michael C. Laney

A NAUGHTY AND FUNNY SHORT, SHORT STORY
OF QUICKIE SEX IN ST. JOE, MISSOURI!

Coming Soon From Michael C. Laney!

THE CANDIND CONFESSION OF A DOWN HOME PROSTITUTE!

A Day In The Life Of Abagail King

SOME GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN...

...AND GET PAID FOR IT!

Erotic
Humorous
Sexy
And Different!